

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

Volume XXVII. Number 18.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 5, 1912.

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CIRCUIT COURT.

Heavy Fine Inflicted for Vote Selling.

Blankenship and Pack Brought Back Thursday from Catlettsburg for Trial.

The January term of the Lawrence Circuit Court began January 1st. Judge J. B. Hannah, who was prevented by serious illness from presiding over his court last fall, was present and is "doing things" with his usual vigor and dispatch. Mr. John M. Waugh, the Commonwealth's Attorney, being absent, the court appointed Mr. H. C. Sullivan to represent the State until Mr. Waugh's coming, which was on Tuesday morning.

As usual, the initial number on the day's programme was the formation of the Big 12, the Supreme Inquisitors, otherwise known as the grand jury. The following comprise this important body:

R. S. Chaffin, foreman; Simon Bartlett, N. A. Borders, M. Z. Maynard, James York, James W. Diamond, R. B. Ferguson, J. N. McClure, J. B. Fraley, J. L. Osborne, L. R. Swan, Frank Hammond.

After having been duly sworn and charged the jury retired and at once began its inquiry. Judge Hannah's charge to the grand jury was, like all his deliveries of this character, specific, clear and forcible. He certainly "pushed the button" Monday, and it was up to the jury to do the rest.

Following petit jury was impaneled and will be the regular term: Chaffin, Isaac Burton, W. Brook, L. W. Garred, E. S. J. H. Kaze, Robert Dixon, Myers, M. L. Burgess, J. C. W. S. Shivel, C. B. Stewart, W. M. Cooksey, J. L. Lintsey Webb, W. S. Mason, Albert Caperton, C. B. Short, W. B. Clayton, H. B. Hewlett, S. Wilson, Brack Holbrook and B. Judd.

Two of the bribery cases were heard early this week and both defendants were convicted. Irvine Smith was fined \$500. James Vanter was fined \$50. Conviction for selling carries with it disfranchisement. Dealing in votes will not be very active industry in this county for some time.

The case of Ben Blankenship, charged with the murder of Oscar Venter, had been set for Thursday. It was that against John Pack for striking and wounding his wife. The men, who had been taken to Catlettsburg for safe keeping, were brought back Thursday morning. Just now the NEWS cannot say what disposition will be made of these cases. Judge S. G. Kinner, of Catlettsburg, and M. S. Burns will assist in the prosecution of Blankenship, and W. D. O'Neal, Cain and Thompson and M. C. Kirk will defend.

Cain and Thompson will assist in the prosecution of Pack, and W. D. O'Neal will defend.

The trial of the gang of men and women that broke into the Hood's fork school house is set for Friday, the 5th.

LATER—The Blankenship case will be tried next Thursday, that one having been fixed by the court.

WANTS SIX TERMS YEARLY

The Boyd County Bar Association had its first meeting since its organization last Tuesday. County court house at meeting among very important. Having the court cleared, the committee unanimously agreed to a bill to the Boyd county six terms per year. The number were to be three three six-weeks Tribune.

Huntington Had Big Fire.

Huntington had a disastrous fire Sunday one of the most destructive that has occurred there for a long time. The fire originated in the basement of the McCord building, near third avenue on Ninth street, and involved the Five and Ten cent store, the Frost shoe store, the Broh clothing house and other adjoining property to a greater or less extent. The Five and Ten Cent store and the Frost shoe store were the main sufferers and their loss very great, that of the Frost house having been especially severe practically ruining the entire stock which was large.

The goods in the Five and Ten Cent store were almost all damaged. The aggregate loss on these two establishments was heavy.

The fire coming as it did on Sunday, was watched by an immense throng of people, and so dense did the crowd become, that extra police had to be sworn in in order to keep the crowd back. It was a spectacular fire and the worst that has visited Huntington for some time.

Death of Mrs. Borders.

Mrs. Clita Borders, wife of Marion Borders, formerly of this county but more recently of London, Ohio, died in a Columbus hospital on Sunday, Dec. 31. Her body was brought here the following day and was taken to her old home near Ulysses, where it was buried Tuesday, Jan. 2nd, in the Borders' graveyard. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Burns Conley. Mrs. Borders died of appendicitis. When she was taken to the hospital it was too late for an operation. Mrs. Borders was 52 years old and survived by her husband and several children. She was a devout christian and a devoted wife and mother. The family moved from the home place about four years ago. Mrs. Borders was the aunt of Mr. Lon Burton, of this city.

REVIVAL MEETINGS

Began Wednesday Night at the M. E. Church South.

What bids fair to be a successful revival meeting began at the M. E. Church South Wednesday night. The attendance was larger, much larger, than is usual on the first night of a meeting. The service is conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Crites, who will do the preaching. The singing, a very important factor in meetings of this character, will be in charge of the Rev. Charles D. Lear, of Madisonville, Ky. Mr. Lear is well qualified for this work, having a strong, musical voice, with an evident ability to make the people do their best in the way of singing.

A woman's prayer service was held at the residence of Mrs. Henry Preston Thursday afternoon. As announced elsewhere a men's meeting will be held next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and to this meeting every man and boy in Louisa is invited.

On Wednesday night the Rev. Archibald Cree, pastor of the Baptist Church, was present and assisted in the services. Members of every denomination in the city were also present.

Mr. Bartels Has Resigned.

Mr. Charles Bartels, long the superintendent of the Torchlight mines, has resigned that position to become general manager for the Reuben Fork, Square Deal and Cochran oil companies. Mr. Bartels brings to this position good business sense and fine executive ability, and will give all his time and attention to promoting the interests of the Companies. He will maintain his residence at Torchlight. Mr. Bartels is succeeded in the superintendency of the Torchlight mine by Mr. George W. Walkenshaw, of Byesville, Ohio. He is an experienced, practical mine man and is now on his job.

Tom Hays has a contract for drilling a well for the Cochran Oil company.

MARTIN COUNTY GIRLS

Relieved of Their Money While in Catlettsburg.

A young woman giving her name as Flossie Kirk, and whose home is said to have been until very recently in Greenbrier county, W. Va., made a great effort yesterday to replenish her finances, by "lifting" a few dollars from some college girls who were on their way to Richmond to attend the Eastern Kentucky Normal school.

These girls were a daughter of Dr. Fairchild, and Farmer Hinkle respectively, two prominent citizens of Inez, Martin county. The girls had arrived on the forenoon Big Sandy train and had gone to the York House for dinner and to wait for the out going train to take them to Richmond. In the meantime, the Kirk woman came to the hotel and sat around the parlor until the hour for dinner had arrived and the two college girls went to the dining room, having left their pocket books in the room occupied by the Kirk woman. While they were out their pocket books were rifled and \$7.90 taken from one and \$5.50 from the other. The Kirk woman was suspected and the police was called and she was taken to a room and searched by Mrs. York, by direction of the police.

Mrs. York found a five dollar gold coin and a fifty cent silver coin in the woman's stocking but this was all she could find and it is the presumption of these knowing to the circumstances that the woman had an accomplice on the outside to whom she had switched the remaining sum of money taken from the girls.

The Kirk woman was taken before Judge McConnell and committed to jail and it is said that steps will likely be taken to have her sent to the reform school, as she is said to be between sixteen and seventeen years old.

Her mind is said to not be just right, though she has been married and has a living husband from whom she is separated.

She came here a week ago to make her home with relatives who resides a short distance in the country.—Catlettsburg Tribune.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

What was probably the largest audience of the season, so far, greeted the Harmony Concert Company at Masonic Hall last Monday evening. From all that had been said and written of the company much was expected of it, and the NEWS is glad to be able to say, truthfully, that all expectations were fully met. Four very capable people comprise the troupe, a tenor and a soprano singer, a pianist and reader and a violinist, every one excellent in her and his line. The singers are Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, the reader and pianist is Miss Leigh and Miss Cogswell is the violinist. Solo and duet singing, with piano and violin accompaniment, violin solos and readings made a delightful programme of nine announced numbers, nearly every one of which was encored two and three times.

Miss Leigh doesn't "read" at all in the literal sense of the word. She talks to you in the most engaging, fetching sort of way, no soaring after the infinite, no diving after the unfathomable, but in a most natural, charming way she tells the story of a seaside flirtation, of the lipping Mith Smith and Mith "Do Both" which, with her funny little planologues, won recall after recall.

There, now, we've written so much about Miss Leigh that we have no room for much about the exquisite playing of Miss Cogswell and the delicious notes of the McIntyres and other choice selections. All in all it was a treat, long to be remembered by all who heard it.

ONLY THREE LEFT.

Governor McCreary, former Lieut. Gov. John D. Underwood and Mr. T. D. Marcum, of Catlettsburg, are the only surviving members of the State Democratic ticket elected 1875. Col. Marcum was the successful candidate for Register of the Land Office when Gov. McCreary was elected State Executive for the first time.

Another Hatfield Victim.

Willis Hatfield, a son of "Devil Anse," the noted feudist, is said to have killed Dr. E. O. Thornhill, in Wyoming county, W. Va., on Sunday afternoon. The report says that the shooting took place at a small town called Mullens, and the only provocation was the refusal of Dr. Thornhill to give Hatfield a prescription to the local drug store that he might procure liquor. The Doctor had refused to give the prescription a second time when Hatfield drew his gun and shot the physician four times. Hatfield attempted to escape but was arrested by a crowd that witnessed the tragedy and was taken to the county jail at Pineville.

C. & O. Telegraphers

Richmond, Va., December 29.—The demands of the telegraph operators of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway for a 15 per cent increase in wages, which acts under provisions of the Erdman act, will be decided by the National Board of Mediation. This was decided upon today at the final conference with General Grice.

Judge Martin A. Knapp, of the Commerce Court, and Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, were immediately notified and will probably call a meeting of the board either in Washington or Richmond. In the event the Mediation Board grants the operators an increase equaling 12 1-2 per cent there will be no strike, otherwise a strike will be called, as the 800 members of the Order of Railway Telegraphers employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from Newport News to Chicago have thus voted.

NEARLY A NONAGENARIAN.

Mrs. Morgan Martin, aged 88 years, died at her home on Little Blaine this week. Death was due to the infirmities of age. She was a good, Christian woman.

A GIRL DROWNED.

Miss Hazel Polley, Age 14, Finds Watery Grave.

Pikeville, Dec. 26.—Much excitement was caused here yesterday evening when it became known that Miss Hazel, second daughter of L. D. Polley, one of Elkhorn City's most prominent and wealthy citizens, was drowned late that afternoon. She was riding on a horse behind her cousin, Ray Venters, who was in the saddle, and the two attempted to ford the Big Sandy in order to reach the young girl's home in Elkhorn City. The splash dam of the Yellow Poplar Lumber Company had just previously let off and the river was greatly swollen and the horse soon got beyond its depth. The young girl was swept from her seat. The young man caught her and held her out of the water until men who were rushing to the rescue, had well nigh reached them, when he became so exhausted that his hold was broken and the rushing waters soon swept her down stream and she was drowned despite the frantic efforts made to save her. The young man was rescued but is in a precarious condition from his experience while scores of men are dragging the river in an effort to locate the body. The little girl was about fourteen.—Pikeville Cor. Ashland Ind.

DEATH OF A BABE.

Marion, the two months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hager, of Paintsville, died about midnight of Monday, Jan. 1st, at Riverview hospital. After funeral service at the hospital, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Redd, pastor of the Paintsville M. E. Church South, the body was taken to Paintsville Tuesday evening for interment. The child had suffered much from a spinal affection, and when it was attacked by jaundice it was unable to withstand the disease. Mrs. Hager, whose illness has been heretofore noted in this paper, is much improved.

George Roberts spent Sunday in Louisa with his family.

CITY COUNCIL

Elects All Officers Except a Marshal, Which Was a Deadlock.

The initial meeting of the new city council was held last Tuesday evening every member present and Mayor J. G. Burns presiding. The first business to be transacted was the election of city officers for the year 1912. For a while things in this line proceeded with the regularity and smoothness of clock work. J. L. Carey was re-elected treasurer. Jay Vinson attorney and Charter Wellman clerk. Why, it was as easy as falling on the ice. It was just "I move that so and so be elected so and so. Second the motion. All in favor say aye, carried." But when it came to making a new marshal the song was sung in double long meter in the key of six flats. There were four nominees, Milt Evans, Henry Sammons, Bunk Smith and R. A. Stone. There were two ballots, the first showing three votes for Evans, one for Stone, one for Sammons and one for Smith, and the second ballot was, as uncle Jim said about his razor, just like it. A cog had evidently slipped somewhere, and having the members vote in alphabetical order didn't help a little bit. The second ballot closed the election for the time being and the matter seems to have been indefinitely postponed. At Wellman continues to look after the street lights and Al Wellman remains the boss of the fire department. Robt. Vinson is chairman of the finance committee and C. L. Miller is chairman of the improvement committee. The improvement committee was directed to put the streets in good order and the council adjourned.

Safety Device For Railway Tracks.

Joseph B. Compton, a well known citizen of Buchanan, this county, has invented and patented a device which, if it meets the purpose for which it is intended, will save many a valuable life and make the inventor and his assignee, F. T. D. Wallace Jr., of this city, rich men. It is well known that what is known as the split switch is the great terror of railroad engineers. It is a hidden danger, one that cannot be seen or felt until it is hit, and then the next thing is the ambulance and the undertaker. Mr. Compton's invention is a rerailing device compressing main and turnout track rails, movable switch points and rerailing shoes located rearward of the respective switch points in the angles formed by the converging main track and turnout rails on the two sides of the track, the said shoes being detachable from said rails, and engaging the webbs of said rails, and bolts passing transversely through said shoes and through the rails between which they are located and adapted to clamp said rails and shoes together, substantially as described. The interstate commerce commission has the invention and has referred it to its committee on safety devices.

ALL HELD TO ANSWER.

Salersville, Ky., Dec. 31.—The examining trial of Berry Burton and the Harvey boys, charged with killing former Magistrate Sam Picklesimer Christmas evening, closed at noon today. Burton was refused bond. Charles Harvey was allowed bail in the sum of \$6,000, Ben Harvey in the sum of \$3,000, and the other two Harvey boys in the sum of \$1,000 each for their appearance at the next term of Circuit Court. Excitement ran high for several nights after the arrest, and mob violence was feared.

PIKEVILLE MAN DEAD.

Mr. Ferd. C. Hatcher, a prominent citizen of Pikeville, died in that town last Monday after a lingering illness. He was for many years one of the leading Democratic politicians of Pike county, and was a popular and highly respected citizen. Mr. Hatcher was 64 years old and is survived by a widow and seven children. The body was taken to Beaver Creek for interment.

The Fiscal court settled with the Sheriff this week.

Fraternal Societies Elect.

On Dec. 27 Apperson Lodge F. & A. M., elected and installed the following officers:

W. M., Henry Evans.
S. W., William Marrs.
J. W., Will Queen.
S. D., G. A. Nash.
J. D., George Carter.
Sec., S. J. Justice.
Treas., Augustus Snyder.
Tiler, N. D. Waldeck.

On Friday night, Dec. 29, Louisa Lodge No. 270, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers:

S. J. Picklesimer, N. G.
A. C. Holbrook, V. G.
C. E. Hensley, Sec.
W. C. Queen, Treas.
Louisa Encampment held an election of officers last Monday night with this result:

C. E. Hensley, C. P.
D. W. Blankenship, H. P.
H. B. Muncy, S. W.
J. B. Picklesimer, J. W.
W. M. Justice, Treas.
W. A. Marrs, Scribe.

Salersville Woman Suicides.

Huntington, W. Va., Jan.—Mrs. Nannie Howard 28, supposed to have come to Huntington from Salersville, Ky., six months ago, committed suicide in apartments at 931 Seventh avenue at 6 o'clock last evening by draining a two-ounce bottle of carbolic acid.

There is more or less mystery attached to the affair. About the only facts available last night were pertaining to the woman's age, former place of residence and the method by which she made her departure from the realm of mortal existence.

She lived on the second floor of an apartment, the first section of which is occupied by an Assyrian family. The first notice of the tragic affair was transmitted to Dr. Prichard by a woman of the neighborhood, and the physician arrived on the scene, but ten minutes before expired, too late to give relief.

ANOTHER GAS WELL.

Ashland Now Has Two Large Gas Producers.

At 10 o'clock today the news was flashed over the city that another gas well had been struck in the region of Murphy's Springs. An investigation of the report proved that it was true, and that Mr. W. R. Vansant, who is putting down a well on the McCown property not far from the well at Murphy's Springs, struck a flow of gas this morning at 10 o'clock at 550 feet. The flow was pretty strong when first struck, and Mr. Vansant kept the drill going until this afternoon, when another feeder was apparently struck and the flow was so strong that he had to stop drilling. It is said by those who visited the scene of this well that the flow is now even stronger than that which developed at the Murphy well. This was estimated to be at the rate of 4,000,000 cubic feet a day.—Ashland Independent.

JAMES WELLMAN WORSE.

The many friends of Mr. James Wellman will regret to hear that he is alarmingly worse today. Mr. Wellman's illness is due mostly to the infirmities of old age and the family, who have been devoted attendants at his bedside greatly fear that he may not survive the day.—Catlettsburg Item.

Mr. Wellman was formerly a citizen of Louisa and has many relatives in this section.

C. & O. WRECK.

C. & O. Cincinnati and Washington passenger train No. 5 was wrecked near McKenzie station, which is between Hinton and Thurmond last Thursday. The wreck was caused by a slide that occurred just as the engine approached the point of the accident.

The engine and first three cars of the train left the track, turning over and killing Engineer Duan. The unfortunate engineer was the only one seriously injured.

Are You a Woman?

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

COLUMN DEDICATED TO TIRED MOTHERS AS THEY JOIN THE HOME CIRCLE.

A Happy New Year to every reader of this department.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.

The clock struck 12 on December 31st, and we are ushered into a New Year—with how many plans for the future—new resolves, many alas! that are made to be broken. But let us welcome the untrodden paths and grasp the new conditions with a firm hand grateful for the blessings the old year has brought to us.

How the years come and vanish! When the Christmas bells have ceased their ringing we stand facing the New Year which comes with noiseless peace out of the future and we wonder what it will bring us. We are certain of one thing, that in our hands is vested the power to make the year one of character growth—if the old year has brought to us failures with the new year the tide may turn. Failure is sometimes the stepping stone to coming success. The past is gone but the present is left us in which to work. We must conquer difficulties and not let them conquer us, then what was considered a possibility may become a reality. It takes what seems much like drudgery to do anything well. Let us during the new-born year take all the good that lies within our reach. The beauty and the glory of the world are close at hand but some see nothing but clay. Hold fast to duty. This will be of value in the storm or in the sunshine. The most successful life is the one that has done the most for his fellow man. Happy then is the man who

has that in his nature that acts on others as the April sun on violets. We can wish no better thing for all our readers than that they begin the new year animated by a firm resolve to turn all its experience into profit for themselves, mentally, morally, socially and materially, and then to faithfully carry out the resolution.

Happy New Year! What a blessed phrase! Speak it from the heart and then strive to make every one's New Year, a happy year and yours will be happy indeed.

The days, weeks and years slip away like water in running stream. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely the moments pass, and our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught. Keep the memory of their joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnered wealth of the days behind.

Don't give away your good resolutions; keep them. Don't make the same mistakes in 1912 that you made in 1911. The more you laugh in 1912 the less occasion you will have for sighing in after years. Just consider that 1912 will be the last of your life and get all the happiness possible out of it. Don't lose your temper in 1912. You will need it when the 1912 agents and other fakirs call on you. "The good die young;" don't let that prove true in regard to your good New Year's resolution.

CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Year by year for twenty centuries the story of the night at Bethlehem has been told and retold. Today no household in Christendom, in town or village or on distant prairie can plead the ignorance in which Bethlehem then lay. If the

door is shut on the Christ-child today, it is not from lack of knowledge, but from churlishness or indifference.

All the old troubles questions of the origin and destination of the Galilee Carpenter have passed.

All the mediaeval worriment in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of him fade away, dogmas of his nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched him spreads through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization and makes it kinder every generation. The New Year of 1912 will find more living close to the Golden Rule than any year in the history of the world. This makes family life sweeter and eases the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as today—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds and names, men serve him.

New Year greetings are greetings of good will. How they soften hard hearts, purify base desires, sweeten bitter thoughts, and make every deed purer and holier; every wish kinder and tenderer. Let hearts expand, sympathies enlarge, and good will reign. Let benediction drop from lips, and substantial gifts fall from overflowing hands. Make cheerless homes radiant and hopeless hearts to thrill with unspoken gladness. Forgive your enemies. Bury the past. Rise above the mean and petty resentments which you may have harbored against those who have not used you well. Be generous.

WEST VIRGINIA NEIGHBORS.

NEWS FROM COUNTIES JUST ACROSS THE RIVER IN WEST VIRGINIA.

His body crushed by a falling rock, Chauncey Edens, 22 years old was instantly killed in a Christmas hunting tragedy on Davis Creek.

His mutilated remains were brought to Huntington yesterday morning. A sorrowing father, Henry Edens, accompanied the body to this city.

Young Edens had gone hunting and was stooping over a rabbit hole when a huge boulder was dislodged from a cliff. He had not the slightest warning and was crushed to death instantly. A hunting dog met the same fate as his master.

Relatives of the young man rushed to the scene of the tragedy and saw the lifeless body of young Edens protruding from underneath the boulder.

In Lincoln county, W. Va., at the mouth of Stone Coal creek on Mud river, a tragic shooting affray occurred on the evening of Christmas day, resulting in the death of Woodson Miller, 23 years old at the hands of Anthony Hager, 22 years old.

A current version of the affair is that Hager, dodging bullets from a revolver in the hands of Miller, took the gun from Miller's hands and fired three shots into his breast causing instant death. It is said that Miller had been drinking, and that when he met Hager an old hatred was inflamed and he drew his pistol and started firing. Hager dodged the bullets, grappled with his assail-

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

ant, wrested the revolver from his grasp and emptied its contents into his breast.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21.— Announcement was made at the state department this morning that Hon. Elliott Northcott of Huntington, W. Va., has been appointed by the president to the post of minister to Venezuela, and that he would be expected to report at Caracas, early in the year.

Later in the day the presentation of the nomination to the senate for confirmation established the truth of the earlier appointment.

The new appointment is looked upon as a decided promotion. Mr. Northcott has served successfully as minister to Colombia, and as minister to Nicaragua. He left Managua in the summer on account of his health, and had been in this country on leave since that time.

Mr. Northcott is looked upon by the president, and by the heads of the department, as one of the successful and valuable members of the diplomatic services.

Morgantown, W. Va., Dec. 29.— After being trailed by bloodhounds to an abandoned coal mine eight miles from the scene of his alleged crime, Jim Benton, the negro who is being hunted as the alleged slayer of Agnes Peters a 17 years old white girl of Cascade a mining town in Preston county, has eluded the posse. The negro is thought to have escaped into Pennsylvania.

The funeral of the murdered girl in Cascade yesterday was attended by a big crowd from the mining village and surrounding country. Justice of the peace M. Harold Taylor, of Masontown, who is also deputy coroner of Preston county, held the inquest today, the jury finding that the Peters girl was murdered by Jim Preston without provocation.

On Sunday morning at 2 o'clock bloodhounds traced the alleged murderer to an old mine near Rock Forge. A careful watch was kept at both entrances of the mine in the hope that hunger would drive the negro into the open. But today the conclusion is that he had got out unnoticed or had been hiding outside the mine and had fled when opportunity offered.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold.

Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.

Silver mesh bags, toilet sets, manicure sets, at Conley's.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS"

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER

NOTES From MEADOWBROOK FARM



A silo is a necessity.

Provide free range for hogs.

Horses and mules are very fond of oat straw.

Every dairy should have a butter or milk standard.

Only the wealthy man can afford to keep a poor cow.

The horse is the only animal which every farmer must have.

Oats make an excellent ration for growing and breeding hogs.

Pedigreed stock, with animals, means known parentage on both sides.

Do not neglect to spray the orchard trees and berry bushes this year.

Every instant that milk stands in the stable it gathers contamination.

The silo helps solve the problem of making a profit from \$100 an acre land.

Do not allow a boss colt to nag a younger or smaller one. Separate them.

Do not place much faith in new feeds—you do not know what they are made of.

Beginners should not purchase large colonies of bees. Begin moderately and go slow.

In feeding a milk cow a corn ration, reduce the ration at first indication of fattening.

There are usually some ewes that have served their days of usefulness and better be discarded.

Some of the cut-over corn ground can be sown to rye for late fall, winter and early spring pasture.

After the third month the calf will begin to want extra water, and some may be mixed with the milk.

If the strawberry plants are vigorous, and the bed not too weedy, it may pay to renovate it for other year.

Watch the bowels of both mare and colt, and if there are any indications of constipation give more succulent food.

Turn separator with a steady and uniform speed and flush down with skim milk or water at end of separation.

There are many methods of storing seed corn, but in all cases the place of storing must be dry and well ventilated.

It is almost impossible to keep the parts of a hand separator clean and bright without the use of some washing powder.

In building new quarters for swine, the foundations should be made permanent and the floors double and wind and waterproof.

If the sheep are kept on the pastures too late, they will eat right down into the roots, and do more harm than grass will do them good.

Keep the cows in clean yards during the day, and supply rations of food value to keep up the production of the herd to a paying point.

Now is the time to figure whether it would be cheaper to build a comfortable house for the hogs or supply the heat this winter by feeding extra grain.

Among the essentials of the successful care and management of a farm flock of mutton sheep are that we treat them in a manner adapted to their nature.

Young pigs are so partial toward foods rich in protein that they will acquire an excess of that element if given an opportunity, thereby stunting their growth.

The only method of ridding the poultry houses and nests of mites is to use strong treatment with a liquid lye and mite killer and keep the poultry house thoroughly clean.

The cow gets up on her hind feet first, with head down. For this reason the manger should be low and the cow allowed enough freedom in her stall so that she can rise with ease.

Old rotten apples, plums, grapes and prunings serve as excellent winter homes for many insects and bacterial diseases. These "mummies" and prunings should be gathered up and burned.

CAIN & THOMPSON,

Attorneys-at-Law.

LOUISA, - KENTUCKY.

Will practice in all courts in Lawrence and Martin counties, Ky., and in Wayne county, W. Va.

DR. A. P. BANFIELD,

CATLETTSBURG, KY.

In office 11 the time. Lives in office building. Practice—Ear, Eye, Nose and Throat.

I have furnished rooms for patients who have to remain for treatment or operation.

L. D. JONES, D. M. D.

DENTIST

Office over J. B. Crutcher's store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

TIP MOORE,

Attorney at Law,

Louisia, - Kentucky.

Collections in Eastern Kentucky given special attention.

DR. G. T. EPLING,

DENTIST.

Rooms 503 and 504

Robson-Prichard Bldg. Phone 633.

Office Hours:—9 to 11:30 a. m.;

1 to 5 p. m.; Sunday, 10

to 11:30 a. m.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.



N. & W. Norfolk & Western

Effective June 11, 1911.

Lv. Fort Gay (Central Time).

1:16 A. M. Daily—For Kenova,

Ironton, Portsmouth, Cincinnati,

Columbus, Pullman, Sleepers to

Cincinnati and Columbus. Connections

via Chicago and St. Louis for the

West and Northwest.

1:04 P. M. Daily—For Columbus,

Cincinnati and intermediate stations.

Pullman Sleeper. Cafe Car to Colum-

bus. Connects at Cincinnati and

Columbus for points West.

Lv. 2:02 A. M. Daily—For William-

son, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke,

Lynchburg, Norfolk, Richmond. Pull-

man Sleepers. Cafe Car.

2:00 P. M. Daily—For William-

son, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke,

Norfolk, Richmond. Pullman Sleeper

to Norfolk. Cafe Car.

Train leaves Kenova 8:25 A. M.

Daily for Williamsport, via Wayne

and leaves Kenova for Po-

land and local stations 5:47 P. M.

and leaves Kenova 6:00 A. M.

for Columbus and local sta-

For full information at

W. B. BEVILL,

M. F. BRAGG, T. P. A., Roa-

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County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

HICKSVILLE.

Death has visited the home of Mr. Fugate and taken from him his loving wife. She leaves seven children to mourn her loss. She was laid to rest in the Holbrook cemetery.

Born, to Levi Jones and wife, a bouncing boy—Arval.

Miss Claudia Holbrook spent Saturday night with Miss Camie Hays. Sam Hicks and wife spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holbrook.

The party given by Miss Hester Young was largely attended.

Miss Doyla Holbrook is visiting her sister on Irish Creek.

The sick of our community is improving.

Miss Cammie Hays was shopping at Hicksville Friday.

Our school will be out the 10th of January.

Herman Young has gone to Ohio to spend a few weeks.

The wedding bells were ringing here during Christmas. Among those who were married were Miss Claudia Holbrook, and Mr. Denis Giger, of Radcliff Ky., and Miss Cammie Hays and Mr. Drew Adams. The brides were dressed in white silk. We wish them a long and happy life.

Miss Eliza Hays is visiting her sister at Racoon, W. Va.

Rube Adams and Johnie Holbrook who have been huxtering for some time have quit on account of bad roads.

Mrs. Lucy Hays was calling on Mrs. Laura Holbrook Monday.

Misses Belvia McKinney and May Chafins were shopping at Hicksville last week.

G. W. Hays of our community is talking of selling out to H. W. Fisher and moving to Jenkins.

A large crowd was out fox hunting the other night.

Ray Woods of Jean is very ill with typhoid fever.

Three Girls.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

RUNA.

There was a Christmas tree at Pleasant Hill church.

Mrs. Alex Darsey, who has been sick for the past month, is much better.

G. L. Pittsberger, who is away teaching was expected home Christmas.

Mae and Talmage Hicks were visiting Lula and Onan Moore Sunday.

Mrs. Roxie Moore has returned home from Weston, W. Va.

Mrs. Della Bays and little daughter Pearl Mae were visiting Mrs. Ella Jones Sunday.

Mrs. Rosa Wilson was visiting her brother Mr. Arnie recently.

Floyd Arnick of Woonsocket, S. Dak. is visiting his mother Henrietta Arnick.

Mrs. Maud Neff has returned from a visit to her mother at Fow-

lers Knob.

Willie Pittsberger and Floyd Champ went to Black's chapel Sunday.

Young peoples prayer meeting at Pleasant Hill was largely attended Sunday night.

Floyd O'Dell and Henry Huffman of Fowler's Knob were visiting our burg Sunday.

Jake and Anna Armick, who have been visiting her sister Mrs. McClung, of Richwood arrived home Christmas.

Eldridge Neff of Fowler's knob, passed through our burg Friday returned home from Wilmora.

Miss Olive Hicks and Miss Besse Darsey were visiting Lida Arnick recently.

F. G. O'Dell was calling on Miss Olive Hicks Sunday evening.

Miss Ella Jones of Pool was visiting her aunt Mrs. Lillie Bays last week.

Lida Arnick was visiting Maffie Darsey Sunday.

Olive Hicks gave a dinner Christmas in honor of her father's return home from Allen Ky.

Married on Dec. 7th Miss Maggie Darsey of this place to Dr. S. W. Bays of Miller, W. Va.

Miss Olive Hicks is expected to go to Kentucky soon where she will attend school at Louisa the coming year.

School is progressing nicely at this place with G. J. McClung as teacher.

Dr. B. J. Armick of Nutterville was at Runa Thursday evening.

Mrs. Mary Boley was visiting home folks at Chestnut Grove last week.

Evening Star.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.

THELMA.

Our school closed Dec. 23 with a large attendance. We had an extra school Harry Stambough teacher.

Mrs. Maud Hatcher of Prestonsburg spent Christmas at this place with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Spencer.

Will Chandler is having some work done on his house.

Cleve Howe is expected to move to Mason County soon.

Mrs. Cathern Murray of Lowmansville was visiting relatives at this place recently.

Mrs. Cathern Murry of Lowmansville spent last week with relatives at this place.

Erastus Ward expects to enter school at Paintsville soon.

Sammie Daniels and wife of Henrietta spent Christmas with the latter's parents. He expects to move to Buffalo as soon as his school is out.

Two Chums.

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

HICKSVILLE.

Died, Dec. 18, the wife of John Fugate, near this place. She had suffered quite a while with consumption. She left a husband, six children and many relatives and friends to mourn their loss. She was laid to rest in the Holbrook grave yard. Ralph Holbrook was the guest of Ethel Chafin Sunday.

Miss Belva McKinnin entertained quite a number of friends Christmas.

Miss Minnie Hays visited our school one day last week.

Hermia Young, of this place, has left for parts unknown.

Misses Claudia and Dova Holbrook and Camie Hays were visiting on Irish creek recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith are very poorly at present.

Mrs. Herbert Diamond was the guest of Mrs. J. M. Dalton Wednesday evening.

Ellie Holbrook was the guest of Miss May Chafin Sunday.

Willie Jobe has been visiting his cousin, Luther Denton, at Denton, recently.

Joe Daniel's had the misfortune of losing his horse last week Sally and Jolly Ann.

"KEITH OF THE BORDER."

UNASSIMILABLE HORDS.

I do not think that it follows that because America is popularly considered the "Melting Pot" of the world that vast hordes of people of different race, breeding and political ideas can be assimilated without great inconvenience and possibly serious derangement of our political and social machinery. The result most desired, I take it, is the wide distribution of these immigrants where their labor is most needed, and where, with most benefit to themselves and families, they will come into least competition with our labor until they have had time to absorb some of our ideas as to standards of living and be brought to the realization of what duties devolve upon them by reason of their new citizenship and of what consideration is due to wives and children who are to be American citizens.

Unfortunately, the result desired is far from realization, as is shown by the fact that of the 9,555,673 immigrants received into this country during the last 12 years, New York State has taken 2,994,358; Pennsylvania, 1,737,059, and Illinois, 722,059 making in all 5,453,476 aliens absorbed by three already thickly settled States. The effect of having about three-fifths of our enormous immigration dumped practically without money into the already congested districts has the natural effect of placing in competition with American labor in these States the labor of these foreigners, who have to work at any wage they can get in order to live at all.

When we realize that about one in every ten of our population has come to this country within the last 12 years, we sometimes doubt whether the "Melting Pot" is going to be able to do all that is expected of it. What will the American look like and what manner of man will he be in 100 years when this conglomerate mixture (the influx of 12 years) has gone through the Crucible?

Perhaps this mixture of the various branches of the Aryan family may bring forth the finest race that civilization has yet known, and who knows but what the people we are now wont to call the dregs of Europe may not add to that civilization some element not to be found in the so-called stronger nations.

So much for the nation. What of West Virginia? West Virginia wants the English, the Scotch and the Irish because they first claimed this country from the wilderness, and she wants more of the stock of the pioneers. She needs them in her mines, her farms and her orchards. She wants the Germans. She needs them to cultivate these fertile valleys and make gardens of them. She needs them to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. She needs them because they make good citizens in time of peace and in war good soldiers. We need Belgians for our glass factories; Hebrews for our stores, and French for our manufacturers. But above all things, we need good scientific farmers—thousands of them. The immigration for the last 12 years into this State from various sources has been 64,938, ranging from 742 in 1899 to 9132 in 1910, and as the number of farms has increased only 3811 in the last 10 years, it will be easily that the number of farmer immigrants was much too small in proportion. With the approximate land area of the State 15,374,080 acres, the land of farms 10,026,442 acres and the improved lands in farms only 5,521,757 acres, it is easily to be seen that this State needs farmers—thousands of them.—Gov. Glasscock.

COMPLIMENTARY ANYHOW

The editors good friend the Rev. A. N. Porter, pastor of the Baptist mission church at Tuloca, Mexico, who is spending a month in Texas on vacation, sent us the other day a splendid pocketbook, hand made in the city of Mexico. We have seldom, if ever, seen a more exquisite pocketbook, of the finest calf skin plain as chamois, the workmanship that of an artist. But for the editor's present uses a pocketbook is about the last thing on earth needed. Of course, Brother Porter did not know this, and we appreciate the spirit of the giver, which how-

A Reliable Remedy CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-gists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ever, reminds us of an anecdote you may have heard. An old darkey was accosted on the streets one day by a man in a hurry, waving a ten-dollar bill. "Uncle," said the man, "can you change a ten?" "Doffing his hat and bowing low his gray hairs like a Chesterfield, the old darkey replied in some confusion: "No, sir, boss; I can't; but I thanks you for the compliment."—Clinton Gazette.

A Harlin county farmer has dug up a skeleton which measures twelve feet. The find was made at the foot of a cliff which evidently had been a burial ground of a prehistoric race as numerous other skeletons were found, most of them being gigantic in proportion. Such places of sepulchre are not uncommon in Kentucky and they are supposed to date back a matter of 2,000 years. It is evident that "there were giants in those days" but the people now on earth do not know or care much about them.

What is perhaps the most wonderful chimney in the whole of America stands near High Bridge, Ky., itself one of the wonders of the world. This natural chimney is seventy five feet high and only four feet by six at the base. It is so delicately modeled that it looks as if push would send it over, yet it has successfully defied the storms of unknown ages.

Pittsburgh, Pa., December, 92.—Carrying a suit case containing seventy-two sticks of dynamite and a roll of fuse and two quarts of whiskey George Bridges who refuses to tell anything, concerning himself was arrested last night at Monessen, Pa. a mill town near here. Except to say that a "man" gave me the suit case at the lower end of town" Bridges is reticent. The use to which the dynamite was to be put has not been ascertained by the police. More than eight thousand men are employed at the mills at Monessen all of whom it is said are "non-union." An investigation is being made.

Springfield, Mo., December, 26.—Greeting cheerfully the neighbors who came to wish her well, Mrs. Lucy Wagoner, who claims to be 111 years old and who lives just across the line in Taney county, Ark., said she spent "as merry a Christmas as any one in the State."

"Granny" Wagoner, as she is called, lives alone in a log cabin and makes her own living by working in the cotton fields and doing odd jobs. She says she was born in 1780 and that she has eight great grand children, besides numerous other descendants.

Huntington, W. Va., December 27.—Robert Bayless, of this city who was serving a sentence of ten years in the state penitentiary for highway robbery, got a Christmas present from Governor Glasscock a few days ago in the form of a parole.

Today he was caught while trying to slip some whiskey to a friend of his in the city jail, and to-night Governor Glasscock ordered that he be returned to the pen to complete his sentence.

Bayless had served only four years when he was granted a parole.

Hickman, Ky., December 29.—New of a battle between Ewitt Barfield, a negro who had barricaded himself at his home, and a mob of white men on lynching him in which two of conflict two were shot to death and the negro was wounded fatally, was received here today. Frank and Lewis Ramsey, brothers, were killed. Barfield had an altercation with a white man and made threats which led to the attempts of lynching.

Stithon, Ky., Dec. 29.—One day recently a cat which holds the position of official rat-catcher for the Stithon Roller Mill Company, of this place, was seen with four full-grown living mice in her mouth at one time, while she held a mouse with each front paw at the same time, making six in all of which she killed without allowing one to escape.

With the appointment of a successor to Associate Justice Harlan the President will have named six of the nine members of the Supreme bench. This exceeds the number appointed by any other President since the court was created.

Dynamite was found by children under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi River at Thebes, Ill., fuses and caps were attached to the explosive.

SMALL FARM WANTED.

Want to rent a small farm, 8 or 10 acres, within a mile of Louisa. House with at least five rooms. Will pay cash rent. Possession wanted by March 1st. Leave particulars at this office. tf.

A BLOOD MEDICINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.

Recently it has been definitely proven by experiments on animals that alcohol lowers the germicidal power of the body and that alcohol paralyzes the white corpuscles of the blood and renders them unable to take up and destroy disease germs. Disease germs cause the death of over one-half of the human race.

A blood medicine, made entirely without alcohol, which is a pure glyceric extract of roots, such as Bloodroot, Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Mandrake and Stone root, has been extensively sold by druggists for the past forty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Inevitable Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an ALTERNATIVE EXTRACT of roots, without a particle of alcohol or narcotic.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure, that I write to let you know of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines and self-treatment at home," writes Mrs. Wm. Hayes, of Ladysmith, B. C. "I suffered for three years from a running sore. Consulted four doctors but they failed to mend or give relief. Finally I was told I was in consumption and would have to consult a specialist concerning my ear, that the dead bone must be cut out before the wound would heal. A kind friend advised me to write to Dr. Pierce, which I did, and after seven months' use of the treatment the sore is healed, and I enjoy better health than I ever did. I dressed the wound with Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve and took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' for my troubles. I shall always recommend your medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

MRS. HAYES.

RICHARDSON.

Mr. James H. Miley died Dec. 19 1911 age 75 years. Leaves a wife and 8 children. He was a kind husband and a loving father, well respected and loved by all who knew him. He will be greatly missed by his friends and a place is vacant in our home which never can be filled. God in his wisdom has recalled the boon his love has given. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Hickman. There is an empty chair as father is gone. Many hearts made sad. We thank the kind friends who stood by us in the sad hours of bereavement. May God bless and guide them in my prayer. His daughter.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John F. Hackworth, deceased, are requested to prove same as required under Kentucky Statutes, and file same at the office of R. T. Burns in the town of Louisa, and all persons indebted to the estate of the said Hackworth will please call and settle said debts at the same office, where appropriate receipts will be given by us, or in our names.

December 22nd, 1911.

G. W. Mayo,

Fred W. Walker.

Executors.

"KEITH OF THE BORDER."

FURS AND HIDES
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES
Write for price list mentioning this ad.
Established 1887
JOHN WHITE & CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.



How the Telephone Pays



"I can sell the eggs. How many have we?"



"Ten dozen, all fresh."

The farmer who has a telephone in his home can meet a business situation whether he be at home or in town. Can you call your home on the telephone like this farmer is doing?

If not you are losing money by not using the greatest convenience of modern times. The cost is so small that telephone service is within reach of every one. Write for our free booklet which tells all about this economical service. Address

Farmers Line Department
SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY
97 South Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.



Kentucky Normal College

Louisa, Kentucky

Winter Term Will Open With JANUARY, 1912

Training Courses for Kentucky and West Virginia will be given SPECIAL Attention throughout the Winter and Spring terms.

Tuition Terms Reasonable and BOARD CHEAP

Write for full particulars to
W. M. Byington or E. M. Kennison,
Louisa, Kentucky.

THERE IS
absolutely
no word to express
the efficacy of
Scott's Emulsion
in the treatment
of
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, GRIPPE, INFLUENZA, TUBERCULOSIS
SEND
to cover postage and pack
collection of Scott's Emulsion
and its efficacy. Write to-day:
H. W. Buckbee, 111-20

Big Sandy News

Entered at the postoffice at Louisville, Ky., as second-class matter.

Member
Kentucky Press Association
and Ninth
District Publishers League

Published every Friday by
M. F. CONLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—One Dollar per year, in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES furnished upon application.

Friday, January 5, 1912.

One good thing is to be said of a tin horn. It doesn't deceive its looks.

A Detroit policeman was held up and robbed of \$1,376. The account fails to say whom the policeman had held up.

"Fresh Meat Industry" was a headline in a newspaper of recent date. Jailor Al. Hays can give particulars.

Democratic State officials elected in November took charge of the State offices Monday. Little ceremony was attached to the change.

Louisville thieves robbed a store of sauer kraut, sorghum and wine. Acute indigestion was the verdict of the jury that sat on the "remains."

Claude B. Terrell, of Trimble Co., was nominated for Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives over Harry Schoberth, of Woodford county, in the Democratic caucus by a vote of 43 to 29.

Finding a thousand dollars under your plate Christmas morning is what might be termed as first aid to digestion.

Maybe so. Some men we know would drop dead over such a find.

With 78 Democratic majority on joint ballot, the coming session of the General Assembly comes near, if it does not actually hold the record for the size of the representation of the majority party. In the Senate there will be 32 Democrats to 6 Republicans, and in the House the relative strength is 76 to 24.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The Mt. Sterling Gazette says: "In the event that Montgomery is recommended in the new districting bill, making the district solidly Democratic, friends here are

\$100 Reward, \$100

"The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation."

THANK YOU—
COME AGAIN

We are always glad to see you and to know that we can save you money in our entire stock of goods, which consists of UpToDate

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes and Groceries.

Men's and Women's Arctics and Overshoes.

MONEY SAVED is MONEY MADE
BY TRADING WITH US.

A. L. BURTON,

LOUISA KENTUCKY.

quietly nursing a boom for Judge Squire Turner for the Democratic nomination for Congress."

Better wait till the change is made before you begin to count your chickens. There are plenty of Democrats in the Ninth who would like to succeed Billy Fields, but Billy is not yet ready to be succeeded.

The Federal Circuit Courts, which are as old as the nation itself, passed out of existence Sunday. The Judges will be transferred to the Circuit Court of Appeals.

Claude B. Terrell, of Trimble county, was elected Speaker of the House by a strict party vote. His opponent was R. C. McClure, of Louisville, who was the Republican candidate of the minority. Mr. Terrell was the avowed favorite of Governor McCreary as being the candidate who was thoroughly in sympathy with his policy. In Mr. Terrell the House has an admirably equipped presiding officer, and one pledged to the earnest support of the entire Democratic platform. The same loyal support will undoubtedly be given by the President of the Senate, Lieut. Governor McDermott.

There is a disposition among a number of the members of the coming Legislature to provide more pay for members of succeeding General Assemblies. They say that the pittance of \$5 per day now allowed by the constitution is entirely inadequate for the service performed by the solons, and in these days of high cost of living is ridiculously small. Many members favor a salary amounting to \$1,000 a year for Representatives and Senators. Such pay, it is argued, would be an incentive to getting good men to stand for these offices, who are now prevented because they would serve at a loss of time and money. Under the constitution the pay must be fixed on a per diem basis. A per diem of \$15 a day would mean a salary of \$1,000 a year.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 29.—Suit was filed in the Franklin County Court this afternoon by the Commonwealth of Kentucky, by J. W. Huntsman, State Revenue Agent, against the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company for taxes on \$197,000,000 of alleged omitted franchise valuations for the five years from 1907 to 1911 inclusive, the taxes on this sum amounting to \$985,000 for the five years. The petition, which is filed by Hazelrigg & Hazelrigg, L. W. Morris and Scott & Hamilton attorneys, of this city, alleges that the C. & O. made improper reports to the State Auditor as to its net earnings for the years mentioned, thereby secured a franchise valuation lower than the road was entitled to.

If the courts should decide that franchise taxes were due on this amount the State would recover \$985,000 in taxes, and each county in the State of Kentucky through which the roads run or operate under leases would get its pro rata part according to its tax rate in force each year, so the attorneys say, and Franklin county would also get a part, although the C. & O. owns no property in this county.

A similar suit was filed some months ago against the L. & N. railroad and against the Illinois Central railroad, but the matter has not been passed on by the courts.

Kentucky Normal College.

The winter and spring term of the K. N. C. opened on Monday last most auspiciously. Upwards of fifty students, young people of both sexes, came in on Saturday last, and since that time nearly every train has brought more. The enrollment to date is largely in excess of what was expected and the prospect for a successful term was never better. In this connection it is gratifying to mention one significant fact. Induced by some cause, it is difficult to say exactly what two or three students from the up river section had gone to a school located in a different part of the State. In the language of the comic song they "walked right in and turned around and walked right out again" and cast their lot with the K. N. C. Why any boy or girl from the Big Sandy should want to pass by a school like the Kentucky Normal College and seek instruction in a distant part of the State the news is at a loss to say. Everything taught in the best schools in the State can be acquired here. The best Normal method of teaching is followed in the K. N. C., used by Profs. Byington and Kennison men who have had special training and years of experience in this work.

Louisia is a model school town so far as moral atmosphere is concerned. There is "absolutely not a dive nor a doggerly in it. Slums and red lights are conspicuous by their absence. Churches and good people and good influence about."

So many young men and women are desirous of fitting themselves for business that, while in no wise neglecting other branches, much attention will be given this year to the business course. A teacher of large experience has been secured for the department. Mr. Eldridge Barger, of Indiana. He will give daily instruction in business and commercial science and in the branches which aid in acquiring a thorough knowledge of those important pursuits.

RESULTS THAT REMAIN

Are Appreciated by Louisa People.

Thousands who suffer from backache and kidney complaint have tried one remedy after another, finding only temporary benefit. This is discouraging, but there is medicine especially for kidney trouble and there is plenty of proof right in Louisa that is good.

Here is the testimony of one who used Doan's Kidney Pills years ago, and now re-affirms his faith in this remedy.

Mrs. R. J. Lewis, Franklin St., Louisville, Ky., says: "For a long time I was afflicted with kidney complaint and though I tried various remedies, I derived no benefit. Finally I took Doan's Kidney Pills and they drove away the backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble."

Mrs. Lewis gave the above account of her experience with Doan's Kidney Pills in January 1908 and when interviewed on June 21, 1909, she said: "There has been no return attack of kidney complaint in my case since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I am pleased to again recommend this remedy as I have been fully convinced of its great merit."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

FREE TRADE, FREE LOTS, FREE SCALES at W. V. Roberts', Cadmus, Ky., every Saturday, where you will find live stock to buy and buyers to buy.

BAD CORN IS DANGEROUS.

The NEWS learns from a Kentucky exchange that one of its friends was so unfortunate as to lose two of his wagon horses the other day, their death being attributed to eating musty corn or fodder. Farmers and stock people will be forced to exercise care in feeding this season, as there is a great deal of musty corn.

RHEUMATISM

Dr. Whitehall's
RHEUMATIC REMEDY
For 15 years a Standard Remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, Gout, sore muscles, stiff or swollen joints. It quickly relieves the severe pains; reduces the fever, and eliminates the poison from the system. 60 cents a box at druggists.
Write for a Free trial Box
Dr. Whitehall Manufacturing Co.
188 S. Lafayette St. South Bend, Ind.

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Costumes,
Furs, Fur Coats, Millinery
at Sacrifice Prices for This Week.

Our Clearance Sale prices mean more than appears on the surface in these several departments and while we make no quotations in print the reductions are such that few can afford to pass the opportunity offered in this special sale event. We have made no reservations in the offer—our policy is to make every such sale so attractive and worth so much to the customers that similar future events will not lack for patronage. We are not in business for a day, a week or a month—we are building a business that is a lifetime work—building broadly, symmetrically, and keeping faith with the purchaser, and we could not afford to offer you anything less than the best in any sale event of this character.

Wool Coats for ladies, misses and children

Correctly tailored suits for ladies and misses.

Attractive styles in wool dresses in new fabrics.

Beautiful silk costumes and evening dresses reduced.

Furs and fur coats in all the most attractive styles.

Entire showing in trimmed millinery is sacrifices.

The variety we can offer in each of these numbers will appeal to the discriminating purchaser and the styles, the fabrics, and the general appearance of these various garments cannot fail to please. We desire to call attention to one particular fact in regard to sales of this kind at our store; the most advanced styles are usually left to sell at such sales because the purchasing public is not quite ready to adopt them when they first make their appearance in the season's purchases. This fact adds much to the desirability of your purchases in the present sale event.

Sales of this kind demand early attention to insure the best selections and we invite you to come early to make your purchases.

The Anderson-Newcomb Co.

Always Busy

Third Avenue

Huntington

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN
R. JUSTICE

The following clippings are from a paper published at Vernal, Utah, will be read with interest by many residents of this county.

On Saturday Dec. 16 the spirit of Mary Cordie Justice winged its way to its Maker, there to receive its final reward. The deceased, by her estimable traits of character, has for the past five years, endeared herself to all who came in contact with her in Maeser and other parts of the country in which she has resided.

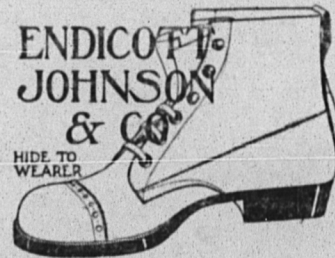
Mrs. Justice, who is the eldest

daughter of Mrs. Cynthia Vernon, was born in Millinsburg, Ky., on Oct. 19, 1855 at which place she resided until her marriage with John R. Justice in the year 1871. She is the mother of eleven children, eight of whom survive her.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice came to Utah in March 1906 and lived at Maeser until 1908 when they removed to Moffat where they resided until the dread disease, Tuberculosis with which she suffered, became so bad that they returned to Maeser in the hope that better attention might restore her but all to no avail. She continued to sink until her death on the date given.

The funeral services were held at the family residence Monday afternoon. The Maeser choir rendered the following selections: "Nearer Dear Savior To Thee," "Oh! My Father," and "Nearer, My God to Thee," Harmon Sowards and Bishop B. O. Colton, Jr., spoke in praise of the deceased and for the consolation of the bereaved relatives. Tuesday morning the remains were taken to Moffat by R. H. Cordie a brother of the deceased from Wilbur, Ky., and Bert Singleton, the interment to be made at that place.

Old papers for sale at this office 20c per hundred.



WINTER GOODS.

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats,
Clothing, Shoes, Etc.

Buy Now. Winter is not half over.

W. L. FERGUSON
MAIN STREET, LOUISA

BRON
CATARRH
AN
RHEUM

ALL DRUGGISTS

Write for a Free trial Box

Dr. Whitehall Manufacturing Co.

188 S. Lafayette St. South Bend, Ind.

Big Sandy News

Friday, January 5, 1912.



Where It Started.

"He lifted up his eyes, and behold! she looked good to him."—Heb. x. 23.

Miracle.

The girls who live to-day are queer. It's wonderful, I swear, To find three blondes and four brunettes who wear each other's hair.

Pierce's Cut Price Millinery Sale.

Pierce's Clothing Under-Cut prices

Shoes, All Leathers, Lower Prices at Pierce's.

Chickens, Eggs, Butter at Sullivan Mds. Co.

All kinds of Fresh Groceries at Sullivan Mds. Co.

See Pierce's Cut Price Ladies Coat and Suit Sale.

Martha Washington candy a Picklesimer's, 50c pound.

There is nothing new in the oil field to report this week.

Apples, Walnuts, Popcorn, Good Sorghum at Sullivan Mds. Co.

Picklesimer has exclusive agency for Martha Washington candies.

When you buy candy buy Martha Washington, sold by Picklesimer.

Born in this city Thursday, Dec. 28, to the Rev. Mr. Caton and wife, a boy.

All kinds of Overshoes, Felts Gum Boots and Raincoats at Sullivan Mds. Co.

Capt. O. D. Botner, of this city, recently passed his 93rd birthday. His health continues good.

I have a line of Suits and Skirts and will close out at COST. Come early. MRS. E. J. SKAGGS.

Baking is our business and we understand our business. One trial will convince you. Louisa Bakery.

Alex. Whittaker, of Caney, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Morgan county.

Phone your order to Louisa Bakery. Prompt delivery to all parts of the city no matter how small the order.

Mrs. John Pack, an old and highly respected woman of Georges Creek, near Charley, died on Friday last.

Have you tried "Louisa Bread"? Guaranteed the BEST sold in the city. For sale by all leading grocers.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Mayor A. H. Moore has recovered after a brief but serious illness.—Ashland Independent.

The woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church South met in regular monthly session with Mrs. R. T. Burns last Tuesday afternoon.

E. R. Cameron and family, of Milton, W. Va., are occupying the Remmele residence on Lock avenue. He is in the oil business.

WANTED — Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Lawrence and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, O.

Miss Nellie Gaujot was five years old on Thursday last, and to celebrate the anniversary she entertained quite a number of her friends. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

SEEDS
BUCKNER'S SEEDS SUGAR BEET
SPECIAL OFFER:
Trade to half New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.
Price Collection: 100 lbs. 10 cents; 200 lbs. 18 cents; 300 lbs. 25 cents; 400 lbs. 32 cents; 500 lbs. 38 cents; 600 lbs. 45 cents; 700 lbs. 52 cents; 800 lbs. 58 cents; 900 lbs. 65 cents; 1000 lbs. 72 cents.
Write today. Mention this Paper.
SEND 10 CENTS
to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big 32-page illustrated Seed and Plant Catalogue, which will show the best varieties of seeds, plants, etc.
H. W. BUCKNER, 1000 BUCKNER STREET, ROCKFORD, ILL.

No. 3079 is the lucky number that calls for the Cut Glass set at Louisa Bakery. Don't destroy your tickets as we will have another drawing at 3 p. m. Saturday, Jan. 6th, if the number is not presented before then.

Alex. Lackey has not been as well for the past two or three weeks as for some time previous. He is now constantly confined to his bed.

PROMOTIONS ALONG THE N. & W.

Effective December 28, 1911, Mr. R. M. Wilson has been appointed Roadmaster in charge of the Clinch Valley District, vice Mr. B. F. Dye. Mr. Wilson's headquarters will be at Bluefield. Mr. B. F. Dye will act as General Foreman in charge of new work between Eckman, W. Va., and Welch, W. Va.

A YEAR OF EXTREMES.

1911 was a year of extremes. Beginning with May, the summer was an extremely dry one. On the 23rd of August the rains set in, and from that time on we had copious and frequent downpours. The autumn was a warm one making a wonderful growth of fall pasturage, and the first killing frost came in the last days of October. Then the month of November was an extremely cold one, followed by a mild, wet December.

"IT WAS A MASTERPIECE."

This is what the Ashland Independent of Saturday last called our Bill Jim Chaffin's reply to a toast at the banquet given to the traveling men employed by Kitchen, Whitt and Company, last Friday night. The toast was our Yuletide Meeting, and this was Bill Jim's response. It will be seen that his allusions to his fellow guests were quite pertinent:

Mr. Toastmaster: I'm sure glad to be one of this goodly number on this goodly occasion, deeply grateful to Divine Providence that death has not thinned our ranks since last we met and put our legs under the same festal board.

During the year now so nearly gone we have tried to keep the Kitchen not one Whitt less flourishing. Sometimes we had to Wade through Fields to reach our work, but we knew there was a Porter-field where we could be refreshed and listen to the Carrolls of a King and May we live to meet again. The bare possibility of doing so makes me Serey-ous. But I see you are all Chaffin for me to close. I thank you for your kind attention.

Services at the Court House.

Since Thursday of last week a body of very earnest men and women under the direction of the Rev. Ed. Harvey, of Chicago, has been holding religious services in the court house, this city. This week, so far, besides the usual night service, meetings have been held every day from 12 to 1 in the same building. To say that the attendance has been large is to state the case very mildly. The crowds at all the services, particularly at night, have been enormous, every inch of space in the room, hall and stairway being occupied, and the interest has in nowise abated. Mr. Harvey, the principal speaker, is said to be an earnest, effective preacher, and the singing is pronounced good. There have been several conversions.

Details of Pike Murder.

Pikeville, Dec. 27.—Yesterday forenoon on Shelby, Turner Branham and General Branham on one side and Noah Roberts and Jailer Branham on the other side all cousins became engaged in a controversy over an old grudge, when Noah Roberts, it is alleged started to leave the scene, but was overtaken and his brains shot out by Turner Branham, General Branham was wounded in the affray, but not seriously and Jailer Branham was shot and mortally wounded and is now dying. Sheriff H. Pauley was telephoned for immediately. He hastened to the scene, accompanied by Detective Martin Potter, and soon had his man under arrest. He placed General Roberts, who was too badly wounded to be moved under heavy guard. Jailer Branham being too far gone for any action to be taken by the Sheriff. He brought Turner Branham here and lodged him in jail yesterday afternoon.

After the Sheriff and posse had passed enroute to Shelby a tragedy occurred, on their direct route, at Island Creek, one mile above here. Arthur Brewer, son of Ben Brewer, a prominent citizen shot and instantly killed Harry Sward, Jr., aged 72.—Pikeville Cor. Ashland Ind.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lucien Kirk, of Inez, was here Sunday.

Brig Harris, of Catlettsburg, was here Monday.

Dr. Fred Marcum, of Torchlight, was here Monday.

Judge W. W. Marcum, of Ceredo was in Louisa Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wheeler were in Portsmouth last Sunday.

J. M. McComas, of Dingus, W. Va., was in Louisa Sunday.

Willie Cain has gone to Valparaiso Ind., to enter school.

Miss Fanny Thompson, of Horseford, was in Louisa Monday.

Miss Kate Moore, of Cincinnati, visiting relatives here recently.

John White and Allen Petry, of Adeline, called at this office Tuesday.

Mr. L. S. Boggs, of Prosperity, was a caller at this office Wednesday.

W. L. Chandler, of Lowmansville, paid the NEWS office a call last Tuesday.

Miss Dowdy, of Huntington, was the guest of Miss Louise Crutcher this week.

Mr. Wessel, of Ironton, a brother of Mrs. S. J. Justice, was in Louisa this week.

Mrs. Alice Riffe, of Ashland, is the guest of Mrs. W. M. Justice this week.

Mrs. J. C. Short is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. E. Carter, on Lock Avenue.

Miss Louise Crutcher has returned from a visit to relatives in Holden, W. Va.

Miss Ellen Crum, of Crum, W. Va., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. A. M. Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Freese and Miss Freese returned from Cannel City last Saturday.

Charles Crutcher and family, of Huntington, were visiting Louisa, relatives last week.

Miss Dora Turner, who had been the guest of Miss Nora Sammons, has returned to Kenova.

Miss Chattie Songer, of Ashland, who had been visiting Louisa relatives, has returned home.

Miss Emma Marcum has returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Louisa, Ky.—Ceredo Advance.

Mr. H. R. Alexander and family have returned from Gallipolis, O., where they spent the holidays.

Mr. B. F. Crites, of Jackson county, W. Va., is visiting his brother, Rev. J. W. Crites, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Adams, of Catlettsburg, were here Monday. Mr. Adams is very weak from his recent illness.

F. T. D. Wallace, Asst. Solicitor C. & O. Railway, went to Richmond, Va., this week on business concerning the road.

Mrs. J. P. Wells and Miss Geneva Wells, of Paintsville, were here yesterday en route to Rardin, O., to visit relatives.

William Deskins, a prominent citizen of Pike county, and whose postoffice is Borderland W. Va., was in Louisa this week.

Prof. J. R. Johnson and son, of Richmond, Ky., were here last week while in Louisa friends shook his hand and called him Dick.

Dr. J. F. Reynolds and family, of Mt. Sterling, came up Thursday and remained until Saturday, visiting Rev. S. F. Reynolds and family.

Mrs. L. B. Compton and two little sons have returned to their home in Portsmouth, after a brief visit with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Justice.

Miss Julia Snyder, who had spent the holiday season with home folks, returned Thursday to Sayre Institute, Lexington, where she attends school.

Arch McClure, of the Palace Hotel, Cincinnati, arrived near Fort Gay at 2 p. m., Sunday, and left Fort Gay about 2 a. m. Monday for the Queen City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Spencer returned Monday from Parkersburg, W. Va., where they had spent the holidays with Mrs. Spencer's parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Reid. Mrs. Reid and son LeRoy returned with them to Louisa for a visit.

Miss Margaret Auxier, of Paintsville, and Miss Beryl Beam, of Prestonsburg, were in Louisa Tuesday, guests of Miss Goldie Byington. They were enroute to school, Miss Auxier to Roanoke and Miss Beam to Danville, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pierce and daughter, Miss Eliza, left Tuesday afternoon for Cincinnati. From that point Mrs. Pierce will go to Martinsville, Ind., for medical treatment, and Miss Eliza will go to St. Martins, O., and resume her studies at the Ursuline Convent.

CLOSING OUT.

All Men's and Boys Clothing, Overcoats, Pants. Ladies Tailored Suits, Tailored Coats, Skirts and Dresses.

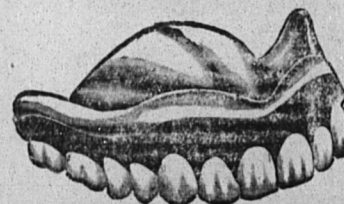
MILLINERY, FURS, RUGS, MATTING, AND WALLPAPER.

Wholesale and Less Than Wholesale Prices, 1-4 to 1-2 off.

Don't Buy Until You See My Beautiful Styles and Low Prices. All We Ask, Let Us Show You.

PIERCE'S Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoe Store.

S. P. QUISENBERRY, Dentist



Office in block between banks, second floor, permanently located. Good teeth are essential to good health. Clean teeth never decay. Office hours 8 to 12, 1 to 5. Special hours by appointment. Have your teeth examined twice a year. If my work pleases you, tell others; if not, tell me.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the Louisa National Bank to elect Directors for the ensuing year will be held at its banking house Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1912, 10:00 o'clock a. m. M. F. CONLEY, 4t-decl15 Cashier.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday school at 9 a. m. Augustus Snyder, Supt. Preaching at 10:30. Men's meeting at 2:00 p. m. Preaching at 6:30 p. m. The evangelistic meetings are now on, service each night this week, and beginning with Monday, services twice each day, at 2:00 p. m., and 6:30 p. m.

Come and hear soul-thrilling music led by Prof. Lear, and pray for the presence of the Spirit.

J. W. CRITES, Pastor.

FALLSBURG SCHOOL.

The Fallsburg Normal School will open Monday, Jan. 8th, 1912, and continue until the May examination. Pupils may enter at any time, but it is better, of course, to enter at the beginning of the term and thereby secure the advantages of the full session. Tuition, \$2.00 per month. The course of study will prepare you for county and state examinations in Kentucky and West Virginia.

Good board can be obtained in private families at from \$8.00 to \$10.00 per month. If you expect to enter next year's examinations, you will make no mistake to come in and join our classes Jan. 8th.

J. H. EBERS, Principal, Fallsburg, Ky.

FOR SALE.

50 acre farm, located on Cherokee, Lawrence county, 15 acres bottom, 8 acres meadow; good house and barn, good garden and well, some pasture; 25 acres can be cultivated this year. Price \$650.00. If interested write or call on J. H. WOODS, Jean, Ky. Jan 1-3m.

POOR FARM TO BE LEASED.

Orders, Fiscal Court of Lawrence County; Special Term, December 28, 1911.

On motion duly made and carried by the unanimous vote of all the magistrates of Lawrence county constituting the Lawrence Fiscal Court, Allen O. Carter and M. S. Burns were appointed Commissioners to act in conjunction with the County Attorney, J. W. Hinkle, and are duly authorized, empowered and directed to lease the oil and gas and necessary privileges pertaining to the drilling of wells and marketing the oil and gas in, on and under the Poor House farm in Law-

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR RIGHT BY RESOLVING TO USE ALPHA FLOUR

DURING 1912.

A-L-P-H-A INSURES GOOD HEALTH. GOOD BREAD PRODUCES GOOD HEALTH. GOOD HEALTH PROMOTES HAPPINESS. THEREFORE USE A-L-P-H-A AND BE BOTH HEALTHY AND HAPPY. THIS IS OUR WISH TO EVERY ONE.

GWINN BROS. & CO., Huntington, W. Va.

Also Makers of Best Meal and Feed. Quick Shipments Always.

rence county, Ky., adjoining lands of Wm. Pigg. Said Commissioners are hereby vested with all and every power and authority necessary in the premises, and each and every act of said Commissioners necessary in the leasing of said premises is hereby ratified and confirmed as completely for all intents and purposes as if said contract of leasing was made direct with this Court.

Said Commissioners may advertise this order so that all parties desiring to submit propositions of lease may do so.

A copy attest:—Jan. 2, 1912.

MONT HOLT, Clerk,

Lawrence Fiscal Court.

All parties wishing to lease the premises above described are requested to put propositions in writing and file with the Commissioners not later than January 20, 1912.

M. S. BURNS,

J. W. HINKLE,

A. O. CARTER, Commissioners.



The Handy Heater

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

You often need some heat in early Fall, when you have not yet started the furnace.

In whatever part of the house you want it, you can get it best and quickest with a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

The Perfection is the most reliable heater on the market, and you can move it wherever you please.

Start it in bedroom or bathroom, and you dress in comfort on the coldest morning. Take it to the dining-room, and early breakfast becomes a pleasant, cosy meal. A touch of a match at dusk, and all is snug for the evening.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is beautifully finished—an ornament anywhere. Drums of plain steel or enamelled in blue; nickel trimmings.

A special automatic device makes smoking impossible. Burner body cannot become wedged. All parts easily cleaned. Damper top. Cool handle.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of the

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL KARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELLVILL.

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1904.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in ashes, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had allured him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II.—When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims' pockets and finds a letter and a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III.—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV.—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Ned and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

It came to Keith now in sudden rush of memory—the drizzling rain in the little cemetery, the few neighbors standing about, a narrow fringe of slaves back of them, the lowering of the coffin, and the hollow sound of earth falling on the box; and Ned, his Aunt Caton's house servant, a black imp of good humor, who begged so hard to be taken back with him to the war. Why, the boy had held his stirrup the next morning when he rode away. The sudden rush of recollection seemed to bridge the years, and that black face became familiar, a memory of home.

"Of course, I remember, Ned," he exclaimed, eagerly, "but that's all years ago and I never expected to see you again. What brought you West and got you into this hole?"

The negro hitched up onto the bench, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared uneasily about—he tall, port, squat figure, with ex-Senator's shoulders, and a face to 6 blood humor.

House that am considerable ob a to 24. Jack, de circumlocution

ould take a heap ob time

ve began soberly. "But it

'bout dis way. When de

come snoopin' long de East

I reckon maybe it des a yeah at-

dat time when we done buried de

ol' Colnel—dey burned Missus Caton's

house clah to de groun'; de ol' Missus

was in Richmond den, an' de few nig-

gers left jest natchally took to de

woods. I went into Richmond huntin'

de ol' Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack,

I naber foun' nuthin' ob her in dat

crowd. Den an' officer man done got

me an' put me diggin' in de trenches.

EF dat's what wah am, I sho' don't

want no mo' wah. Den after dat I jest

natchally drifted. I reckon I libbed

'bout eberywhar yo' ebber heard ob,

fo' dar want no use ob-me golin' back

to de East Sho'. Somebody said dat

de West am de right place fo' a nig-

ger, an' so I done headed west."

He dropped his face in his black

hands, and was silent for some min-

utes, but Keith said nothing, and finally

the thick voice continued:

"I tell you, Massa Jack, it was

mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. I

didn't know whar any ob yo' all was,

an' it wain't no fun fo' dis nigger bein'

free dat away. I got out ter independ-

ence, Missouri, an' was rounstaboutin'

on de ribber, when a couple ob men

come along what wanted a cook to

trabbel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's

dat's what fetched me here ter Carson

City."

"But what caused your arrest?"

"A conjunction ob circumstances,

Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction

ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah

—and briefly as possible, he ran over the circumstances which had brought him there, putting the situation clear enough for the negro's understand-

ing, without wasting any time upon detail. Neb followed his recital with bulging eyes, and an occasional exclamation. At the end he burst forth:

"Yo' say dar was two ob dem white men murdered—one an' ol' man wid a

gray beard, an' de older 'bout thirty? Am dat it, Massa Jack, an' dey had fo'

span ob mules, an' a runnin' hoss?"

"Yes."

"An' how far out was it?"

"About sixty miles."

"Oh, de good Lawd!" and the negro

threw up his hands dramatically. "Dat

suttin'ly am my outfit! Dat am Massa

Walte an' John Sibley."

"You mean the same men with

whom you came here from independ-

ence?"

Neb nodded, overcome by the dis-

covery.

"But what caused them to run such

a risk?" Keith insisted. "Didn't they

know the Indians were on the war

path?"

"Sho'; I heard 'em talkin' 'bout dat,

but Massa Walte was jest boun' foh

to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be

'fraid ob no Injuns; rock'n dey'd

naber stop him, dat he knowed eb-

bery chie' on de plains. I reckon dat

he did, too."

"But what was he so anxious to get

away for?"

"I dunno, Massa, I done heerd 'em

talk some 'bout dey plans, an' 'bout

some gal dey wanted ter fin', but I

didn't git no right sense to it. De

General, he was a might still man."

"The General? Whom do you mean?"

"John Sibley done called him dat."

Then Keith remembered—just a

dim, misty thread at first, changing

slowly into a clear recollection. He

was riding with despatches from Long-

street to Stonewall Jackson, and had

been shot through the side. The

first of Jackson's troops he reached

was a brigade of North Carolinians,

commanded by General Walte—Gen-

eral Willis Walte. He had fallen from

his horse at the outpost, was brought

helpless to the General's tent, and an-

other sent on with the papers. And

Mrs. Walte had dressed and bandaged

his wound. That was where he had

seen that woman's face before, with

its haunting familiarity. He drew the

locket from beneath his shirt, and

gazed at the countenance revealed,

with new intelligence. There could be

no doubt—it was the face of her who

had cared for him so tenderly in that

tent at Manassas before the fever

came and he had lost consciousness.

And that, then, was Willis Walte ly-

ing in that shallow grave near the

Climmerson Crossing, and for whose

death he had been arrested. 'Twas a

strange world, and a small one. What

a miserable ending to a life like his—

a division commander of the Army of

Northern Virginia, a Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor of his state. What strange

combination of circumstances could

ever have brought such a man to this

place, and sent him forth across those

Indian-scouted plains? Surely nothing

chance with me?"

"Willin'! Why, Massa Jack, I've

overjoyed; I ain't gwine leave yer no

mo'. I've sho' gwine ter be yo' nigger.

What yo' gwine ter do?"

Keith ran his eyes over the walls,

carefully noting every peculiarity.

"We'll remain here quietly just as

long as it is daylight, Neb," he replied

finally, "but we'll try every board and

every log to discover some way out.

Just the moment it grows dark enough

to slip away without being seen we've

got to hit the prairie. Once south of

the Arkansas we're safe, but not until

then. Have you made any effort to

get out?"

The negro came over to him, and

bent down.

"I was layin' on a board what I'd

worked loose at one end," he whis-

pered hoarsely, "back ob de bench,

but I couldn't jerk it out widout

something ter pry it up wid."

"Where is it?"

"Right yere, Massa Jack."

It was a heavy twelve-inch plank,

part of the flooring, and the second

from the side-wall. Keith managed

to get a grip next to the black fingers,

and the two pressed it up far enough

for the white man to run one arm

through the opening up to his shoulder

and grope about below.

"There's a two-foot space there," he

reported, as they let the board settle

silently down into position. "The back

part of this building must be set up on

poles. I reckon we could pry that

plank up with the bench, Neb, but it's

liable to make considerable racket.

Let's hunt about first for some other

weak spot."

They crept across the floor, testing

each separate board, but without dis-

covering a place where they could exert

a leverage. The thick planks were

tightly spiked down. Nor did the

(Continued on page seven)

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.

This is a time when the dairyman with a silo is not worrying about what to feed or because feed is high. The present prices of hay, corn and mill feed are causing many dairymen to resolve not to pass another winter without a silo.

The use of silage means the keeping of more cows on the same acres. It cuts the hay bill in half and produces larger yields of milk. In feeding, silage and hay are generally fed as much as the cattle will consume.

Provide, if possible, alfalfa, cowpea or clover hay. In case of a shortage of these, use whatever is obtainable but whatever is lacking in the hay will have to be supplied in the more expensive grain feeds.

Many dairymen are having good success with corn silage, cottonseed meal and cowpea hay, using no mill feed, and where some grain seems to be needed, supplying corn. With silage and cowpea and clover hay, feed grain in proportion of 1 pound of grain to 3 1-2 or four pounds of milk produced. Without silage and with timothy or corn fodder (for roughness) feed 1 pound of grain mixture to 2 1-2 or three pounds of milk.

Bran and shipstuffs are really too high to be considered and ready mixed patent feeds are still higher. Many have learned from experience that "ready made" feeds do not pay. Corn, cottonseed meal and sometimes a little bran or oil meal are used to mix with mill dust and weel seeds for filler. Some are honestly made but all "ready made" feeds are made at a profit of five or ten dollars per ton, which can be saved by mixing at home and even better results obtained. Nothing can be said in favor of condimental feeds or conditioners.

Many mixed feeds selling from \$30 to \$35 per ton have from 19 to 20 per cent. protein, when cottonseed meal, containing 36 to 41 per cent. protein, can be obtained for less than \$30 per ton. Dried distiller's grains containing about 24 per cent. digestible protein cost about \$30 or less being a very much cheaper source of protein than bran.

Many successful dairymen are making up their own rations such as corn chop or corn and cob meal

ers.

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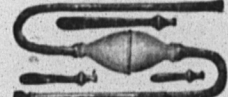
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SMOKY VALLEY.

A quiet little wedding took place near Louisa Saturday night Dec. 2. sta Burchett, the daughter of Jno. Burchett to Jack Muncy the son of S. K. Muncy.

Several attended the birthday party of Joseph and R. B. Hutchison last week and reported a nice time.

Mrs. Wirt Muncy is the guest of home folks.

Bart Bradley was calling at J. N. Roberts Sunday night.

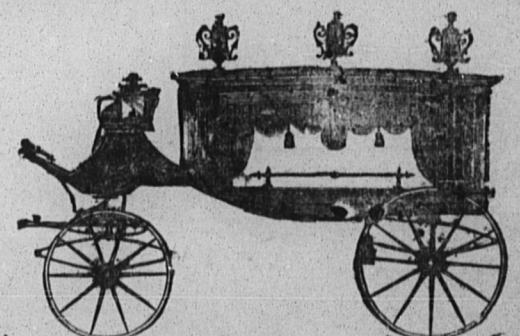
Milt Wellman and R. B. Hutchison passed through here last Sunday enroute to Lick Creek.

Robert Roberts has left here for Ohio.

There will be meeting here the 4th Sunday by Rev. Harvy.

Casey Jones.

"KEITH OF THE BORDER."



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walls offer any better encouragement. Keith lifted himself to the grated window, getting a glimpse of the world without, but finding the iron immovable, the screws solidly imbedded in the outside wall. He dropped to the floor, feeling baffled and discouraged.

"It will have to be the plank back of the bench, Neb," he announced briefly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Get down there, and work it as loose as you can without making any noise, while I keep my ear to the door and listen for any interruption."

They took turns at this labor, discovering a loose nail which gave an opening purchase at the crack, thus enabling the insertion of a small wooden block, and insuring space for a good finger grip when the right time came. A sleepy Mexican brought in their dinner, and set it down on the bench without a word, but on his return with supper, the marshal accompanied him, and remained while they ate, talking to Keith, and staring at the room. Fortunately, the single window was to the west, the last rays of the sun struck the opposite wall, leaving the space behind the bench in deep shadow. Whatever might be the plans of "Black Bart" and his cronies, Keith was soon convinced they were unknown to Hicks, who had evidently been deceived into thinking that this last arrest had created no excitement.

"That's why we picked yer up so early," he explained, genially. "Bart said if we got to yer afore the boys woke up they'd never hear nuthin' 'bout it, an' so thar wouldn't be no row. He didn't even think thar'd be any need o' keepin' a special guard fer night, but I reckon I won't take no such chance as that, an' I'll have couple o' deputies prowlin' 'round yer luck. When Carson does wake up, she's hell."

He left them tobacco and pipes, and went away evidently convinced that he had performed his full duty. The two prisoners, puffing smoke-rings into the air, heard the heavy clank of the iron bar falling into place across the door, and sat looking into one another's faces through the deepening twilight. In the mind of both black and white reposed the same thought. The negro was first to break the silence.

"Pears ter me, Massa Jack, like dis yere Bart pusson an' mighty anxious ter hab no suspicions raised."

"Anybody but Hicks would see that," acknowledged the other, the rings of smoke circling his head. "But he hasn't any brains. It was pure nerve that got him the job. Well, this is one time that 'Bart pusson' is going to find an empty coop. We'll get out, Neb, just as soon as it gets dark enough. Hicks isn't likely to put on his extra guard for an hour yet, and the 'Red Light' bunch won't be fit for business much before midnight. By that time we'll be in the sand hills, heading south, able to give them a run for their money—we'll have horses, too, if we can find them."

The negro's eyes shone white. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, Massa," he protested, "dat'd sho' be a hangin' job if ebber dey cotched us."

Keith laughed, knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

"With an hour's start that will be the least of my troubles," he said, quietly.

CHAPTER VI.

The Escape.

It was dark enough for their purpose in half an hour, the only gleam of remaining color being the red glow of the negro's pipe, even the opening in



"Land's Sake, You Doan Mean to Steal Dem Horses?"

the iron grating being blotted from sight. Keith, staring in that direction, failed to perceive any distant glimmer of star, and decided the night must be cloudy, and that time for action had come. Guided by Neb's pipe bowl, he touched the boy on the shoulder.

"Knock out your ashes, and shuffle about lively with your feet, while I pry up the board."

In spite of his slenderness, Keith possessed unusual strength, yet no exertion on his part served to start the loosened plank sufficiently for their purpose. Ripping a strip from the bench he managed to pry the hole somewhat larger, arranging the bench itself so as to afford the necessary leverage, but even then his entire weight failed, to either start the spikes, or crack the plank. Some alteration began in the other room, the sound of angry voices and shuffling feet being plainly audible. It was clear to Keith that they must take the chance of a noise, and no better time than this could be chosen.

"Here, Neb, take hold with me, and

bear down—put your whole weight on it, boy."

The two flung themselves upon the end of the bench, leaping up and down so as to add weight to power. Something had to give, either the stout wood of their improvised lever or else the holding of the plank. For an instant it seemed likely to be the former; then, with a shrill screech, the long spikes yielded and the board suddenly gave. With shoulders inserted beneath, the two men heaved it still higher, ramming the bench below so as to leave the opening clear. This was now sufficiently ample for the passage of a man's body, and Keith, lowering himself, discovered the earth to be fully four feet below. The negro instantly joined him, and they began creeping about in the darkness, seeking some way out. A rudely laid foundation of limestone along obstructed their path to the open air. This had been laid in mortar, but of inferior quality, so that little difficulty was experienced in detaching sufficient to obtain hand hold. Working silently, not knowing what watchers might be already stationed without, they succeeded in loosening enough of the rock to allow them to crawl through, lying breathless in the open. Accustomed as they were to the darkness, they could yet see little. They were upon the opposite side from the town, with no gleam of lights visible, prairie and sky blending together into spectral dimness, with no sound audible but the continued quarrel in the front room of the jail. Keith crept along to the end of the building from where he could perceive the lights of the town twinkling dimly through the intense blackness. Evidently the regular evening saturnalia had not yet begun, although there was already semblance of life about the numerous saloons, and an occasional shout punctured the stillness. A dog howled in the distance, and the pounding of swift hoofs along the trail told of fresh arrivals. An hour later and the single street of Carson City would be alive with humanity, eager for any excitement, ready for any wild orgy. If only once turned loose. That it would be turned loose, and also directed, the man lying on his face in the grass felt fully assured. He smiled grimly, wishing he might behold "Black Bart's" face when he should discover the flight of his intended victims. But there was no time to lose; every moment gained, added to their chance of safety.

"Are those horses tied there by the blacksmith's shop?" he asked, pointing. The negro stared in the direction indicated, confused by the shadows thrown by the dim lights. "I reckon dey am, Massa Jack; I done make out fo'."

"Then two of them must belong to us; come on, boy."

He ran forward, crouching behind every chance cover, and keeping well back behind the line of shadows. A slight depression in the prairie helped conceal their movements, and neither spoke until they were crouching together beside the wall of the shop. Then Neb, teeth chattering, managed to blurt out:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, yer don't actually mean ter steal dem hosses?"

Keith glanced about at the other's dim, black shadow. "Sure not; just borrow 'em."

"But dat's a hangin' job in dis yere country, Massa Jack."

"Sure it is if they catch us. But we'd be strung up anyway, and we can't be hung twice. Besides there is a chance for us with the ponies, and none at all without. An hour's start in the saddle, Neb, and this bunch back here will never even find our trail; I pledge you that. Come, boy, stay close with me."

It was the quiet, confident voice of assured command, of one satisfied with his plans, and the obedient negro, breathing hard, never dreamed of opposition; all instinct of slavery held him to the dominion of this white master. Keith leaned forward, staring at the string of deserted ponies tied to the rail. Success depended on his choice, and he could judge very little in that darkness. Men were struggling in along the street to their right, on foot and horseback, and the saloon on the corner was being well patronized. A glow of light streamed forth from his windows, and there was the sound of many voices. But this narrow alley was deserted, and black. The fugitive stepped boldly forward, afraid that otherwise he might startle the ponies and thus create an alarm. Guided by a horseman's instinct he swiftly ran his hands over the animals and made quick selection.

"Here, Neb, take this fellow; lead him quietly down the bank," and he thrust the loosened rein into the black's hand.

An instant later he had chosen his own mount, and was silently moving in the same direction, although the night there was so black that the obedient negro had already entirely vanished. The slope of the land not only helped cover their movements, but also rendered it easy for them to find one another. Fully a hundred yards westward they met where a gully led directly down toward the river. There was no longer need for remaining on foot, as they were a sufficient distance away from the little town to feel no fear of being discovered, unless by some drunken straggler. At Keith's command the negro climbed into his saddle. Both ponies were regicive, but not vicious, and after a plunge or two, to test their new masters, came easily under control. Keith led the way, moving straight down the gully, which gradually deepened, burying them in its black heart, until it finally debouched onto the river sands. The riotous noises of the drunken town died slowly away behind, the night silent and dark. The two riders could

scarcely distinguish one another as they drew rein at the edge of the water. To the southward there gleamed a cluster of lights, marking the position of the camp of regulars. Keith drove his horse deeper into the stream and headed northward, the negro following like a shadow.

There was a ford directly opposite the cantonment, and another, more dangerous, and known to only a few, three miles farther up stream. Keeping well within the water's edge, so as to thus completely obscure their trail, yet not daring to venture deep for fear of striking quicksand, the plainsman set his pony struggling forward, until the dim outline of the bank at his right rendered him confident that they had attained the proper point for crossing. He had been that way only once before, and realized the danger of attempting passage in such darkness, but urgent need drove him forward.

"Follow me just as close as you can, boy," he said sternly, "and keep both your feet out of the stirrups. If your horse goes down hang to his tail, and let him swim out."

There was little enough to guide by, merely a single faint star peering out from a rift of the clouds, but Keith's remembrance was that the ford led straight out to the center of the stream, and then veered slightly toward the right. He knew the sand ridge was only used by horsemen, not being wide enough for the safe passage



"Do You See That Straight Ahead of You?"

age of wagons, but the depth of the water on either side was entirely problematical. He was taking a big chance, yet dare not wait for daylight. Summoning all his nerve and alertness, he urged his horse slowly forward, the intelligent animal seemingly comprehending the situation, and feeling carefully for footing. The actions of the animal gave the rider greater confidence, and he loosened his grip on the rein, leaving the pony's instinct to control. The latter fairly crept forward, testing the sand before resting any weight upon the hoof, the negro's mount following closely. The water was unusually high, and as they advanced it bore down against them in considerable volume; then, as they veered to the right, they were compelled to push directly against its weight in struggling toward shore. The men could see nothing but this solid sheet of water rushing down toward them from out the black void, and then vanishing below. Once Keith's horse half fell, plunging nose under, yet gaining foothold again before the rider had deserted his saddle. A dim darkness ahead already revealed the nearness of the southern bank, when Neb's pony went down suddenly, swept fairly off its legs by some fierce eddy in the stream. Keith heard the negro's guttural cry, and caught a glimpse of him as the two were sent whirling down. The coiled rope of the lariat, grasped in his right hand, was hurled forth like a shot, but came back empty. Not another sound reached him; his own horse went steadily on, feeling his way, until he was nose against the bank, with water merely rippling about his ankles. Keith driving feet again into the stirrups headed him down stream, wading close in toward the shore, leaning forward over the pommel striving to see through the gloom.

He had no doubt about Neb's pony making land, unless struck by some driftwood, or borne to the center of the stream by the shifting force of the current. But if Neb had failed to retain his grip he might have been sucked under by the surge of waters. A hundred yards below he found them, dripping and weak from the struggle, yet otherwise unharmed. There were no words spoken, but the black and white hands clasped silently, and then Neb crept back into the saddle, shivering in his wet clothes as the cool night wind swept against him. Keeping close in toward shore, yet far enough out so that the water would hide their trail, the fugitives toiled steadily up stream, guided only by the black outline of the low bank upon their left.

CHAPTER VII.

In the Sand Desert.

Suddenly Keith halted, bringing his pony's head sharply about, so that the two faced one another. The wind was rising, hurling clouds of sand into their eyes, and the plainsman held one hand before his face.

"There's no need of keeping up a water trail any longer," he said quietly. "By all the signs we're in for a sand storm by daylight, and that will cover our tracks so the devil himself couldn't follow them. Got a water bag on your saddle."

"I reckon I am one, sah," Keith felt of the object Neb had

"Yes, and a big one, too; fill it and strap it on tight; we've got a long, dry ride ahead."

"What' yo' propose goin', Massa Jack?"

"To the 'Bar X' on the Canadian. I've worked with that outfit. They'll give us whatever we need, and ask no questions; I don't know of anything in between. It's going to be a hard ride, boy, and mighty little to eat except what I saved from supper."

"How far am I to dis yere 'Bar X'?"

"A hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and sand all the way, except for the valley of Salt Fork. Come on now, and keep close, for it's easy to get lost in these sand hills."

Keith had ridden that hundred and fifty miles of sandy desolation before, but had never been called upon to make such a journey as this proved to be. He knew there was little to fear from human enemies, for they were riding far enough east of the Santa Fe trail to be out of the path of raiding parties, while this desert country was shunned by Indian hunters. It consisted of sand hills after sand hill, a drear waterless waste, where nothing grew, and mid the dread sameness of which a traveler could only find passage by the guidance of stars at night or the blazing sun by day. To the eye mile after mile appeared exactly alike, with nothing whatever to distinguish either distance or direction—the same drifting ridges of sand stretching forth in every direction, no summit higher than another, no semblance of green shrubbery, or silver sheen of running water anywhere to break the dull monotony—a vast sandy plain, devoid of life, extending to the horizon, overhung by a barren sky.

They had covered ten miles of it by daybreak, their ponies traveling heavily, fetlock deep, but could advance no further. With the first tint of rose in the east the brooding storm burst upon them in wild desert fury, the fierce wind buffeting them back, lashing their faces with sharp grit until they were unable to bear the pain. The flying sand smote them in clouds, driven with the speed of bullets. In vain they lay flat, urging their ponies forward; the beasts, maddened and blinded by the merciless lashing of the sand, refused to face the storm. Keith, all sense of direction long since lost, rolled wearily from the saddle, burrowed under the partial shelter of a sand dune, and called upon Neb to follow him. With their hands and feet they made a slight wind-break, dragging the struggling ponies into its protection, and burrowed themselves there, the clouds of sand skurrying over them so thick as to obscure the sky, and rapidly burying them altogether as though in a grave. Within an hour they were compelled to dig themselves out, yet it proved partial escape from the pitiless lashing. The wind howled like unloosed demons, and the air grew cold, adding to the sting of the grit, when some sudden eddy hurled it into their hiding place. To endeavor further travel would mean certain death, for no one could have guided a course for a hundred feet through the tempest, which seemed to suck the very breath away. To the fugitives came this comfort—if they could not advance, then no one else could follow, and the storm was completely blotting out their trail.

It was three o'clock before it died sufficiently down for them to venture out. Even then the air remained full of sand, while constantly shifting ridges made travel difficult. Only grim necessity—the suffering of the ponies for water, and their own need for soon reaching the habitation of man and acquiring food—drove them to the early venture. They must attain the valley of the Salt Fork that night, or else perish in the desert; there remained no other choice. Tying neckerchiefs over their horses' eyes, and lying flat themselves, they succeeded in pressing slowly forward, winding in and out among the shifting dunes, with only the wind to guide them. It was an awful trail, the hoofs sinking deep in drifting sand, the struggling ponies becoming so exhausted that their riders finally dismounted, and staggered forward on foot, leading them stumbling blindly after. Once the negro's horse dropped, and had to be lashed to its feet again; once Keith's pony stumbled and fell on him, hurling him face down into the sand, and he would have died there, lacking sufficient strength to lift the dead weight, but for Neb's assistance. As it was he went staggering blindly forward, bruised, and faint from hunger and fatigue. Neither man spoke; they had no breath or energy left to waste; every ounce of strength needed to be conserved for the battle against nature. They were fighting for life; fighting grimly, almost hopelessly, and alone.

About them night finally closed in, black and starless, yet fortunately with a gradual dying away of the storm. For an hour past they had been struggling on, doubting their direction, wondering dully if they were not lost and merely drifting about in a circle. They had debated this fiercely once, the ponies standing dejectedly, tails to the storm, Neb arguing that the wind still blew from the south, and Keith contending it had shifted into the westward. The white man won his way, and they staggered on uncertain, the negro grasping the first pony's tail to keep from being separated from his companion. Some instinct of the plains must have guided them, for at last they dragged themselves out from the desert, the crunching sand under foot changing into rock, and then to short brittle grass, at which the ponies nibbled eagerly. The slope led gradually downward, the animals scenting water, and

in their saddles, the riders let them go, and they never stopped until belly deep in the stream, their noses buried. The men shivered in their saddles, until, at last satisfied, the ponies consented to be forced back up the bank, where they nibbled at the short tufts of herbage, but in a manner expressive of weariness. Keith flung himself on the ground, every muscle of his body aching, his exposed flesh still smarting from the hail of sand through which they had passed.

He had not the slightest conception as to where they were, except he knew this must be the Salt Fork. Utterly confused by the maze of shifting dunes, through whose intricacies they had somehow found passage, the blackness of the night yielded no clue as to their point of emergence. The volume of water in the stream alone suggested that in their wanderings they must have drifted to the eastward, and come out much lower down than had been originally intended. If so, then they might be almost directly south of Carson City, and in a section with which he was totally unacquainted. One thing was, however, certain—they would be compelled to wait for daylight to ascertain the truth, and decide upon their future movements. There was another barren, sandy stretch of desolation lying between this isolated valley and that of the Canadian, and their horses would never stand to be pushed forward without both rest and food. As to themselves—they had eaten their last crumb long since, but this was not the first time both had known starvation.

Keith arose reluctantly, and removed the saddles from the animals, hobbling them so they could graze at will. Neb was propped up beneath an out-cropping of the bank, which partly protected him from the wind, a mere hulk of a shadow. Keith could not tell whether he slept or not, but made no effort to disturb him. A moment he stared vacantly about into the black silence, and then lay down, pillowing his head upon a saddle. He found it impossible to sleep, the chill of the wind causing him to turn and twist, in vain search after comfort, while unappeased hunger gnawed incessantly. His eyes ranged about over the dull gloom of the skies until they fell again to the earth level, and then he suddenly sat up, half believing himself in a dream—down the stream, how far away he could not judge, there gleamed a steady, yellowish light. It was no flicker of a camp fire, yet remained stationary. Surely no star could be so low and large; nor did he recall any with that peculiarity of color. If such a miracle was possible in the heart of that sandy desert he would have sworn it was a lamp shining through a window. But he had never heard of any settler on the Salt Fork, and almost laughed at the thought, believing for the instant his brain played him some elfish trick. Yet that light was no illusion; he rubbed his eyes, only to see it more clearly, convinced now of its reality. He strode hastily across, and shook Neb into semi-consciousness, dragging him bodily up the bank and pointing down the stream.

"Do you see that?" he inquired anxiously. "There, straight ahead of you?"

The negro stared, shaking with cold, and scarcely able to stand alone.

"Maybe it am de moon, Massa Jack," he muttered, thickly, "or a goblin's lantern. Lawd, I don't jest like de looks ob dat ting."

"Well, I do," and Keith laughed uneasily at the negro's fears. "All I wanted to know was if you saw what I saw. That's a lamp shining through a window, Neb. What in heaven's name it can be doing here I am unable to guess, but I'm going to find out. It means shelter and food, boy, even if we have to fight for it. Come on, the horses are safe, and we'll discover what is behind that light yonder."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderness Cabin.

The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nervously themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis.

The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be lying in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle out-post surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw

select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."

The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the unlatched door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he struggled to his knees, Neb's black face peering past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed roily in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel cut so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.

Keith must have perceived all these in that first hurried glance, for they were ever after closely associated together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no clear thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the first sound of their approach, clutching at the rude mantle above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed wildly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror, and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came swirling in through the open door, causing the fire to send forth spirals of smoke, and he turned, dragging the dazed negro within, and snapping the latch behind him. When he glanced around again he fully believed the vision confronting him would have vanished. But not there she yet remained, those wide-open, frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking directly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.

"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—but I didn't expect to find a woman here."

He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the firelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.

"What did you expect to find?" "I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."

"Then you are not here for any purpose? to meet with any one?"

"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."

"Where do you come from?"

Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.

"Carson City."

"What brought you here?"

"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."

She drew a deep breath of unconcealed relief.

"Are you alone?"

"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."

She looked at him searchingly, something in Keith's clean-cut features seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.

"I am not afraid," she answered, leaning toward him around the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. "A plainsman, who has punished cattle, but my last job was government scout."

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly. (To be continued next week.)

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